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My Awakening

The Z Man, American Renaissance, May 15, 2021

This is part of our continuing series of accounts by readers of how they shed the illusions of liberalism and became race realists.

One of the unexpected joys of attending an American Renaissance conference for the first time was hearing the attendees talk about their journeys. Not their physical trips to the event, but their spiritual and intellectual journey to this side of "the great divide." The great divide being biological realism. On one side are those who deny biological reality. On the other are those who accept the reality of the human condition and human organization.

Most people on this side of the divide come from middle-class and upper-class backgrounds, so they were indoctrinated from an early age in the egalitarian faith. Their experiences with non-whites were limited to the handful of them they knew at school or work. At some point, biological reality started to bleed through their image of the world. Maybe they were robbed by some blacks. Maybe their children were tossed into a reeducation camp. Maybe it was corporate diversity training.

That event (or series of events) discredited their egalitarian conditioning, which sent them on the journey of discovery, eventually ending up on this side of the great divide. At American Renaissance conferences, you see many people experiencing the joy of breathing free for the first time. They see that they are not alone, and their journey has followed the path of many who have come before them. The Finns call it "the awakening," and it is a good way to think about the journey to this side of the great divide.

Not all of us, however, take the same path. I did not grow up in the middle or upper classes, so I was exposed to the reality of race at a young age. There was no time in my youth when I was not around other races. My first playmate in school was black. We were pals until he was moved to remedial classes. Being around non-whites, especially blacks, was normal for me as a kid.

My awakening was about the white people oblivious to the reality of human biology that was so obvious to me. I went to college in New England, where I was surrounded by white people who could be generously described as obtuse on the issue of race. They were sure they knew everything about the evils of racism, but had almost no experience with non-whites. Their breathtaking mix of ignorance and confidence about race was dumbfounding.

While in college, I got a job at a local warehouse. The owner was a little worried about hiring me, because I was from the South and the workforce was mostly black and Hispanic. When I told him I spoke some Spanish, he was shocked. He just assumed that everyone south of New York was either an inbred hillbilly or a slave owner. This was a man who did not know what he did not know, but he was sure of it.

Over time I adjusted, but those initial months slamming into this alternative reality was what started me down the road to biological realism. Every day I was interacting with people who lived in frosty white neighborhoods, often 100 percent white, yet they were sure that white people who lived, worked, and mingled with other races around the country were raging bigots. Their views on race was a puzzling religion that had no basis in reality.

I was discovering what can be called "the law of the arctic circle." In Europe and America, the further white people are from the arctic circle the more realistic they are about race, ethnicity, and biology. In New England, whites have the luxury of being open minded about race because they never have to worry about their car breaking down on Malcolm X Boulevard at night. In the South, race is a daily part of reality that you cannot risk ignoring.

In Europe, the least sensible countries on immigration tend to be those furthest north. The Swedes have turned diversity into a national religion. The Irish are hoping to import a million Africans and make themselves a minority on their island. Meanwhile, the Italians were among the first people to wake from the narcotic haze of multiculturalism, because they were seeing it wash up on their beaches every day.

The other part of my awakening was that ignorance alone couldn't explain why white people in lily white areas are irrational about biology. Facts, evidence, and experience couldn't shake them from their egalitarian fantasy. They were true believers. For them, anti-racism, which has now curdled into anti-whiteness, was a religion. Explaining to them the absurdity of egalitarianism was as productive as explaining the truth about Mohamed to a Muslim.

The final leg of my journey to this side of the great divide was accepting that the demographic and racial problems in America and the West are not just facts to be learned and contextualized. The root cause of the current crisis is a class of white people who no longer see themselves as part of the same species as

the rest of their race. The spiritual heirs of the men who burned Atlanta have evolved into a new breed of white person, one in a constant struggle with whiteness. Not their whiteness, mind you, but your whiteness, the bad whiteness. The struggle of white people is not with non-whites, but with those whites who see whiteness as a sin.

If you have a story about how you became racially aware, we'd like to hear it. If it is well written and compelling, we will publish it. Use a pen name, stay under 1,200 words, and send it to us here.

Topics: *First-Person Account*, *Multiculturalism and Diversity*

About The Z Man

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The Z Man is a writer based in the US.

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